

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CLII.—NO. 44.

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 9, 1910.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,529.

The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

129 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1828, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading material, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farm and household departments. It is published for many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, NO. 28, Order Sons of St. George—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, Fred Hall; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COMMITTEE WANTED, NO. 679, FORSTERS OF AMERICA—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Saturdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Saturdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Saturdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Saturdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans—President, J. H. Brown; Secretary, J. H. Brown; Treasurer, J. H. Brown. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Aldermen was held on Tuesday evening. President Shepley presided in the absence of Mayor Boyle. All the other members were present.

Finance report No. 8 was read. It showed the amounts approved at the finance meeting Monday evening and they were ordered paid, as follows:

Board of Health	4,702.52
Books, stationery and printing	625.91
City Auditor	107.72
City Engineer	1,674.54
Fire department	11,117
Incidentals	141.17
Lighting streets	5,122.41
Burial grounds	90.00
Dog fund	75.00
Inducing and preservation of records	13.00
Town Jewish Synagogue fund	47.18
Tuberculosis relief	315.41
Police	154.62
Poor Department	25.55
Derby fuel fund	11.09
Public buildings	281.92
Public Parks	8.00
Public schools	11,921.32
Streets and highways	1,711.18
	\$25,744.30

The report of the city clerk on the balance and debts of the several accounts at the close of business Saturday, April 2, with the bills ordered paid by finance report No. 8 taken out, was read.

The report of the inspector of nuisances for March, the quarterly report of the chief engineer of the fire department, the report of the dog constable, and the report of the street commissioner for five weeks, ending March 26, 1910, were received.

The bill for a new horse for the fire department was approved.

A petition was received from Horace P. Beck and others asking that a by-law be used on Four street, from Spring to Kay streets, to protect the roadway and improve the general condition of property in this vicinity. It was referred to the street commissioner with power to act.

The acceptance by the Newport & Old Colony Street Railway Company of the right to locate a pole on Harrison avenue was received.

A communication was received from the League of American Municipalities, asking if Newport was to take membership in the League. This was simply received.

Licenses were granted to Fred G. Farmer, for two billiard tables; to William Quigley, George Brown, Kieran & Sheehan, C. E. Gueuther and H. A. Cole, for tavern; to David Grant, James Jennings (2) and Harry Diehl, for eating-houses. One milk license was also granted.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening the committee on Easton's Beach made a pleasing report regarding the new building that the Easton's Beach Company will erect to replace the pavilion destroyed by fire last winter. The new building will stand about 30 feet nearer the water than the old, and this will do away with the projection into the roadway that had been a detriment to travel in other years.

Regular weekly bills and pay rolls were approved. Another protest against the straightening of Old Beach road was received and filed. A number of minor licenses were granted.

Superior Court.

Monday was motion day in the Superior Court, Judge Rathbun presiding. There were several cases to be heard and there was a large attendance of lawyers. The appeal from the decision of the Probate Court in the case of the Henry G. Byer estate was argued, a certain supplementary account of Frank E. Byer having been disallowed by the lower court. Briefs were submitted by counsel and there will be a further hearing in May.

Packer Brauman was appointed trustee under the will of the late Abby A. S. White to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Frederick Thompkins. There was no objection to the appointment.

The petition of Satcha Havens vs. Robert I. Havens for separate maintenance was taken up, and witnesses were heard. The parties to this case had residence in Providence and after some testimony and arguments by counsel, the court decided that the case should have been brought in Providence County and the motion to dismiss the petition was granted.

A final decree was entered in the appeal of Charles E. Lawton from the Probate Court, confirming the decision of the lower court which leaves the Dennis estate to the heirs at law.

Sarah Bishop petitioned to compel her former husband, George R. Bishop to contribute to the support of their child, Helen, 11 years old. The parents were divorced some years ago and the father is married again. The court decreed that the father should contribute \$2.50 per week, and have the privilege of seeing the child, at certain times.

Several other cases were assigned for hearing in Providence.

The members of the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church will have the pleasure of burning the second mortgage April 14. Speaker Rowell B. Butcher will deliver the principal address.

A Memorable Occasion.

A reception was tendered Orduence Sergeant Thomas H. Lawton by the Newport Artillery Company at its Armory on Clarke street Monday evening. It being his fiftieth anniversary as a member of this organization, serving the larger part of this time as armorer and ordnance sergeant.

Sergeant Lawton was escorted from his home on Broadway to the Armory by a special committee. The reception took place in the company room on the second floor, where Colonel Frank P. King and all the officers were lined up in front of the fireplace, assisting in receiving. Sergeant Lawton occupied the seat of honor and on one side of him stood Colonel King and on the other Colonel Jere W. Horton, who was in command of this company for a number of years. The guests were received on the main floor, where a line was formed and they marched up stairs, each one present shaking hands with the sergeant and congratulating him on his long and useful life. Each person present was presented with a picture of the sergeant in full uniform. When all had shaken hands with Sergeant Lawton the gathering assembled in the hall below, where Colonel Horton addressed the audience, speaking of the faithful service of him whom they had gathered to help celebrate this anniversary and stated that he doubted if his record could be duplicated in this country. The speaker presented the sergeant with a bag of gold, a gift of the company and its past members. The latter was visibly affected, but he responded, thanking the givers very sincerely, and said he hoped those present might serve the company as many years as he had and that each member present would work hard to keep the organization up to its present high standard.

The orchestra struck up dance music after the informal program was ended and the floor was soon filled with the merry dancers.

There were four generations of the Lawton family present—Sergeant Lawton, his son, Howard R. Lawton of Providence, a former member, Sergeant David A. Lawton, a grandnephew, and the latter's daughter, Dorothy A. Lawton.

Funeral services for Professor Alexander Agassiz were held Sunday afternoon in Appleton Chapel at Harvard, being of a very simple character. There was a large and representative gathering, including all the professors and instructors of Harvard University. The chancel of the Chapel was a mass of flowers. Rev. Professor E. C. Moore, D. D., and Rev. Dr. Crothers officiated. The body was taken to Mt. Auburn, where it was cremated and the ashes interred in Forest Hills Cemetery. The bearers were Dr. John C. Warren, Joseph Warren, Theodore Lyman, Henry Lyman, R. G. Shaw, 2d., O. A. Shaw, A. Henry Higginson and J. S. Russell. Dr. Eliot and President Lowell represented Harvard College; Professor Pickering and Dr. Arnold Hague the National Academy of Science, and there were representatives from the Agassiz Museum.

Mrs. Mary Minton Potter, widow of Colonel Charles Potter, died at her residence on Buynside Place Monday morning after a short illness. Her husband was killed some years ago while horseback riding near Albuquerque, New Mexico. Three children survive her: Charles Potter, Jr., Mr. W. Roscoe Bousal and Mrs. Grenville Bayard Whitthrop of New York.

Mr. John Pearson, who for 33 years has been in the employ of the New England Navigation Company, has been placed on the retired list. Thirty-two of these years he has spent in the paint shop, where he mixed paint and had charge of the output, a position he filled most faithfully, always working for the best interest of the company.

Dr. M. H. Sullivan entertained the members of the Newport Medical Society at a dinner Tuesday evening at the New Cliffs and Robinson cottages, about 85 guests being present.

City Physician John H. Sanborn is on the road to recovery from his recent severe illness and his many friends will be glad to welcome him out once again.

Mr. William F. Roche died in New York on Sunday. He was a son-in-law of Mr. John Sullivan of Houston avenue and was well known in this city.

Rev. Augustus M. Lord, of the First Congregational Church of Providence, will exchange pulpits with Rev. William Safford Jones tomorrow.

Ex-Commodore and Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard will sail for Europe in May, and will not occupy their summer home in Newport.

George Sheen, who died recently in Fall River, was a native of Newport and was eighty-one years of age.

Funeral of C. E. Brown.

The funeral of Charles E. Brown, who died at the Newport Hospital last Saturday morning from injuries received by a fall at the Portsmouth Hospital, was held from the Second Baptist Church, Rev. George W. Quick, D. D., officiating. The Naval Reserves, of which the deceased was a member, turned out in full ranks, with Lieutenant Charles E. Lawton in command, the Newport Military band furnishing the music. The bearers were Beaman Moon, Eldridge, Williams, Parsons, Gills and Squires. Among the beautiful floral tributes was an anchor from the Reserves.

The death of Mr. Brown brought forth much sympathy in this city, as he was a young man of good character and a great helpmate in his family. The interment was in the Island Cemetery, where three volleys were fired over the grave and taps blown by the company's bugler.

The New England Southern Conference was held at Attleboro Monday, resulting in no change in the Methodist church pastors here, Rev. Joseph Cooper being returned to the First Church, Rev. W. F. Gelsler to Thames Street, and Rev. O. E. Delamater to Middletown. The Portsmouth church, which has been without a settled pastor since the removal of Rev. F. J. Foljanec, will be supplied by Rev. John Wadsworth, a young man little known in this vicinity. Rev. C. A. Stenhouse, who retired from the pastorate of East Greenwich, is appointed pastor of the church at Middleboro. Mass. Mr. Stenhouse's successor at East Greenwich is Rev. Samuel Wesley Irwin, coming here from the Michigan Conference.

The body of Thomas Clark, who died in Somerville, Mass., was brought here on Monday and interred in the family lot in the Island Cemetery. Relatives accompanied the remains to this city. There were many beautiful floral tributes, which completely covered the grave. The bearers, all personal friends of the deceased, were Eugene Duncan McLean, Simon Koschuy, Thomas E. Sherman and John Gilpin.

The Naval Reserves did not go to Bristol Tuesday evening to attend the fair for the Hydration Engine and Hose Company, as they had planned, on account of the death of one of their members, Mr. Charles E. Brown.

The wedding of Miss Sarah Chase of Portsmouth and Mr. Archibald C. Sherman of this city will take place at St. Paul's church, Portsmouth, Wednesday, April 20th.

Miss Constance Satterlee, daughter of the late Bishop Henry L. Satterlee, and Mr. Frederick W. Rihelander will be married in Washington on Thursday, April 28th.

Mr. Harry Champlin, son of Captain and Mrs. William Champlin, returned from New York last Sunday with the launch, "Twentieth Century."

Mrs. Richard Gambrell will shortly sail for Europe, but will return in the early summer for the social festivities at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Quentin Jones will close their season at Florida this month and open their residence in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Riva will be among the early summer arrivals.

Mr. R. I. Gamble will open his residence here the end of this month.

Mrs. William H. King is visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. King, in New York.

The Mall is being put in readiness for the summer season and will soon be a very attractive spot.

Mrs. Ellen French Vanderbilt will spend the summer in Newport, having returned from Europe.

Steamer Bridgeport is laid up here for her spring overhauling.

Mr. Amos Tuck French has returned from his trip to Europe.

Mrs. Mary A. Tayer is ill at her home on Bull Street.

Mrs. Charles H. Baldwin calls for Europe to-day.

Election of Officers.

Current Topics Club.
President—Miss Elizabeth E. Peckham.
Vice President—Miss Lucy F. Brownell.
Secretary—Miss Emma Chase Hall.
Treasurer—Miss Martha Pritchard.
Executive Committee—Mrs. Frank M. Greenleaf, Mrs. Herbert W. Lull, Mrs. Ellen Colburn.
Director to State Federation—Mrs. Douglas P. A. Jacoby.
Court Warden, No. 9, F. of A.
Chief Ranger—Henry C. Bennett.
Sub-Chief Ranger—J. Thomas.
Recording Secretary—Harry E. Nason.
Senior Woodward—John Hopper.
Junior Woodward—Julius Taylor.
Senior Beadle—Robert Johnson.
Junior Beadle—James H. Hodge.
Lecturer—James Graham, P. C.
Court Court Delegate—Joseph J. Deane.
Alternate—James Robble.
P. C. Joseph J. Deane was elected trustee to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Orr.

Old Beach Road.

The board of aldermen gave a public hearing on the petition for straightening Old Beach Road, Monday evening, when there was a large attendance and considerable acrimony was developed. There were many speakers and the hearing was a long one, everybody having an opportunity to be heard that wished. In the absence of Mayor Boyle, Alderman Shepley presided. Many of the abutters were represented by counsel, both for and against the proposed change. Some of the abutters appeared in person and others submitted communications regarding the matter.

Among those who spoke in favor of the straightening were: Dr. A. F. Squire, F. E. Nolan, Clark Burdick, Harry O. Cook, P. H. O'Neill, Montmar A. Sullivan, John West, and John T. Delano. Among those who spoke in opposition to the change were: Max Levy, representing Robert G. Hone, Frederick P. Garretson, R. G. Hone, E. E. Chadwick, William J. Cozzens and Herbert Bliss, representing Trinity Church, William R. Harvey, representing Mrs. LeRoy and other abutters, B. F. Tanner, Benjamin Easton, Walter Ding, and Anthony Stewart. After all had an opportunity to speak, letters were read from E. B. Goddard and Clement Cleveland favoring the change, and from Snyvesant LeRoy, H. C. DeRham, R. G. Hone, G. G. King, Max Norman, H. H. Ward and H. F. Eldridge opposing it.

Old Buildings Sold.

The buildings on the lot that was purchased some months ago as the site for the new Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. were sold at public auction on Thursday, and brought a total price of \$703. There were seven pieces of property and it is expected that most of the buildings will be torn down, although some of them may be moved off. Richard H. Peckham, building wrecker, bought the Sturges place, the Cranston place, the Callahan blacksmith shop, and the property adjoining that. Mrs. Jemirel bought the Douglas building, Joseph DeTerra of Portsmouth the Olsen tenements, and Harry Vico the Simmons place. The buildings were all sold for cash, and with the understanding that they shall be removed from the land before May 1st. It was stipulated that any old papers or similar matter found should belong to the owners of the land.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. William L. Frank.
Mrs. William L. Frank of this city died at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York on Thursday, as the result of burns received on Easter Sunday. Her dress caught fire from a gas stove in her apartments and before the flames could be extinguished she was very severely burned. For a few days she seemed to respond to the treatment at the hospital but on the day before her death she had a bad sinking spell and lapsed steadily until she died.

Mrs. Frank was the wife of Mr. William L. Frank of this city and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crandall. She was a sister of Mrs. Fred M. Bennett and of Mr. Charles S. Crandall. She was an active member of Aqueduct Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star.

If the national Senate concurs in the bill passed this week by the House, President Roosevelt will have the right to send all his mail matter free of charge. Incidentally a Colorado Representative said that the appropriation for the post office should be enlarged.

Mr. Arthur B. Commerford, who has recently returned from a European trip, will give two illustrated lectures on Southern Europe under the auspices of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T.

Mr. Robert G. Hone has returned to New York after spending a few days in Newport.

MIDDLETOWN.

BOARD OF CANVASSERS.—The Town Council held a session as a board of canvassers at the Town Hall, on Friday, the second instant and made the final canvass of the voting lists for the annual town meeting. Nineteen names were stricken from the general list and plus added leaving a total of 230. Nine names were taken from the list on all questions and two added giving a total of 231. Included in the names stricken off, was that of George Osbourn, an employee of Mrs. Harriet E. Brownell, who resides on Indian Avenue during the summer season. On Saturday Osbourn filed his petition in the Supreme Court to be restored to the list and a citation was issued and served on the members of the Town Council and Town Clerk on the same day to appear before the Court on Monday and make answer. On Monday the petition was continued to Tuesday, when it was granted and Osbourn's name ordered to be reinstated on the voting list. Osbourn was represented by Royal H. Gladding.

a Providence Attorney, and the Board, of Canvassers by Frank L. McCann, a member of the law firm of Barney, Lee and Company.

ELECTION OF TOWN OFFICERS.—The annual election of town officers was held at the town hall on Wednesday and conducted for the first time in accordance with the provisions of the secret ballot law.

William L. Brown presided as moderator and the supervisors were Frederick B. Spooner, Daniel A. Peckham, Richard H. Wheeler and Chester A. Carr. The polls were kept open until half past five and the count was not completed until after seven. The official ballot contained the names of the nominees of the Republican Caucus and of the Citizens' Association. The friends and supporters of the respective nominees put forth most strenuous efforts to insure their election and several automobiles and horse teams were employed in bringing in the voters. In all 297 of the 381 qualified voted. The Republicans increased their vote to considerable extent and reduced the average plurality for members of town council supported by the Citizens' Association, from 60 in 1909, to 10 in 1910. There was an abundance of independent voting, many ballots containing preferences for nominees of both parties, and this fact so confused the party leaders, that no idea could be given of the standing of the parties, until the ballots were counted.

The count showed the following result:

Moderator—William L. Brown, C., 151
Lewis R. Manchester, R., 141
Brow's plurality 10.
Town Clerk—Albert L. Chase, 294
Town Council—
No. 1—Arthur W. Chase, C., 154
Henry J. Chase, R., 138
Plurality for A. W. Chase 16.
No. 2—William R. Hunter, C., 147
Henry C. Sherman, R., 141
Plurality for Hunter, C.
No. 3—John H. Orr, C., 160
James H. Barker, R., 144
Plurality for Orr, C.
No. 4—Francis J. Coggeshall, C., 163
Lewis R. Manchester, R., 138
Plurality for Coggeshall, C.
No. 5—George B. Wyatt, C., 148
Joseph E. Kline, R., 143
Plurality for Wyatt, C.

Overseers of the Poor—
On the Citizens' ticket, Arthur W. Chase, 150; William R. Hunter, 145; John H. Orr, 147; Francis J. Coggeshall, 140; George B. Wyatt, 145.
On Republican ticket—
Henry J. Chase, 140; Henry C. Sherman, 142; James H. Barker, 144; Lewis R. Manchester, 139; Joseph E. Kline, 143.

Justices of the Peace—No. 1, Eliza C. Peckham, 288.
No. 2—Nathan B. Brown, C., 144; Henry M. Wilson, R., 141.
No. 3—Joseph R. Coggeshall, C., 145; J. Oscar Peckham, R., 143.
No. 4—Charles E. Ash, Jr., C., 147; Edward M. Pettus, R., 141.

Town Treasurer—Charles H. Ward, R., 149. William L. Brown, C., 147. Plurality for Ward, R.
For Town Sergeant—William Coggeshall, Jr., C., 150. Thomas G. Ward, R., 142. Plurality for Coggeshall, C.

For Assessors of Taxes.—On Citizens' ticket, Alden P. Barker, 159. William S. Coggeshall, 151. James Willis Peckham, 151. Alvin P. Smith, 149. Dennis Murphy, 154.
On Republican ticket—Edward E. Peckham, 155. John H. Spooner, 139. Henry C. Sherman, Jr., 140. Edward J. Peckham, 140. Harry E. Peckham, 135.

Collector of Taxes—Alfred C. Anthony, R., 130. John H. Peckham, C., 159. Plurality for Peckham, C.
Taxes Viewers—Eliza A. Peckham, 288. William J. C. Chase, 282. Ashton C. Barker, 143. Howard G. Peckham, 181. Plurality for Barker, C.

Auditors on Citizens' ticket—Eliza A. Peckham, 145. William V. Hart, 146. Francis E. Lewis, 147. Republicans, J. Overton Peckham, 141. John Nicholson, 137. On both tickets, James A. Haber, 231.

Town Auditors.—On Citizens' ticket—William L. Brown, 140. Benjamin V. H. Peckham, 143. Republicans, Reuben W. Peckham, 135. Harold R. Chase, 138, on both tickets Alfred S. Ward, 274. Cemetery Committee—Charles Peckham, 286. Robert E. Gilman, 281. Joseph L. Chase, C., 147. George Peabody, R., 140. Plurality for Chase, C.

For Public School Committee—Edith Norman Hunter, 278. Lilla P. Peckham, 149. C. Nathaniel L. Champlin, Jr., 137. Plurality for Peckham 12.
An adjourned meeting will be held on Saturday at one P. M., to complete the transaction of the town's business, as specified in the warrant and which could not be acted on on Wednesday.

The Ladies Night entertainment given last week by the Young Men's Republican Club at the town hall was attended by a gathering of some 150 people who were most appreciative of the fine program presented. Following a brief address of welcome by Mr. John H. Spooner, the retiring president, Mr. Albert C. Young, was called to the platform and in behalf of the Club was presented with a handsome heavy silver, pocket watch case bearing the name of the committee. Mr. Young, although completely taken by surprise, responded most feebly.

TIVERTON.

The annual town meeting on Wednesday resulted as follows:
Town Council: 1—Thomas V. Slason, R., 343; Albert Wainman (Cit. D.), 286.
No. 2—Joseph Supernant (R.), 335; George F. Cottrell (Cit. D.), 292.
No. 3—Roy H. Beattie (R.), 348; Arno and Le Bouef, Jr., (Cit. D.), 280.
No. 4—Amasa B. Whitton (R.), 342; John Schlegel (Cit. D.), 288.
No. 5—Charles A. Hamby, Jr. (R.), 341; Alfonso F. Hart (Cit. D.), 293.
Town Clerk—John A. Wilcox (R.), 313; A. L. Hamby (Cit. D.), 314.
School Committee—Mrs. F. A. Wilcox (R.), 332; A. L. Hamby (Cit. D.), 295.
Town Treasurer—Isaac Brown (R.), 347; Frank F. Gilman (Cit. D.), 282.

Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

Copyright, 1909, by Mitchell Kennerly

CHAPTER XI.

NOW, one doesn't expect to find a man in frock coat and silk hat dodging behind bushes on a place like Hewington Acres. Yet Cherub Devine had come to associate that particular part of Long Island with all sorts of surprises.

It appeared that this new arrival had intended to see without being seen, but he had not been quite quick enough. Without stopping to consider just why he was doing it Mr. Devine promptly joined in the game by stepping into the shrubbery also.

The Cherub peered the bushes cautiously. He discovered the stranger doing the same thing. Twice the Cherub stole stealthily around a bush, sure of having executed a successful flank movement on the unknown, only to find that he had disappeared like a flash.

Taking off his straw hat, the Cherub balanced it carefully on the top of a rhododendron and began making a cautious detour. To walk in a stooping position for any distance would need to be in good condition, and a thirty-eight waist measure doesn't help. The Cherub was already red of face and breathing heavily when he suddenly rounded a little thicket of stunted fir and found himself within arm's length of a slender, sallow faced person who was holding a silk hat behind him and intently gazing at the crown of a straw one which showed above a bush some twenty yards away.

Even a side view from behind was enough to reveal the foreigner, for the jet black mustache and the little underlip tuft that curled over the chin were distinctly alien cut and trim.

"Well, what's the game?" The stranger was in an amazingly cool sort. He merely turned quickly, measured Mr. Devine with one flash of keen brown eyes, lifted his brows expressively and shrugged his shoulders.

"Now, perhaps you'll tell me what it is all about," asked the Cherub.

The stranger's response to this was a politely impudent stare.

"I do not quite understand," he said, "with just the slightest foreign accent."

"No?" drawled the Cherub mockingly. "Then there's two of us in the dark. But perhaps we can clear matters up. I found you skulking in the bushes. Now, why?"

"Heg garden, sir, but I do not recognize your right to question me in that manner."

"Where?" What a haughty little man it is! laughed the Cherub. "Ah, come down off the step ladder! A minute or two ago you were dodging around as guilty as if you'd robbed a fruit stand. Now, what are you up to?"

"I am attending to my own affairs, sir."

"Then I'll help you," said the Cherub. "For I'm a good deal interested in this place and what is going on here."

"Indeed!" Again the stranger shrugged his shoulders. "But I don't know you, sir."

"Didn't see as if you wanted to, either. But here's where we get acquainted, just the same. My name's Devine—Cherub Devine."

"Ah? What?" gasped the stranger staring incredulously. "Why—or a thousand pardons, Mr. Devine; allow me," and he hastily brought out a card case.

"Luigi Salvatore V. Vecchi," read the Cherub, with some hesitancy in pronouncing the names. "Vecchi, eh? Ah, I see. Some relation of the late count's?"

The stranger smiled indulgently. "I am known as Count Vecchi."

Had the Cherub been at all emotional he would have gasped then. As it was, he merely did, but seemed to recover in time.

"But—but you're not the Count Vecchi who married Mrs. Hewington?"

The cigarette was waved toward the rim of his silk hat.

"I have that honor."

It was the Cherub's turn to stare incredulously.

"See here," he said protestingly. "either you're a dead count or a live liar, and I guess the last description fits best. Come, come! You've sprung that bluff on the wrong person. I happen to know that the real Count Vecchi has been dead for a couple of years."

"I can only quote the words of your own great humorist, that the reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated. Here I am, you see."

The Cherub noted that the leather card case which the stranger still held in his hand bore a silver crest similar to the one he had noticed on the writing paper of the Countess Vecchi.

"Yes, I see," he admitted without enthusiasm. "All a mistake, was it? And you've come over to give the countess a pleasant little surprise, eh?"

"I hardly think the countess will be surprised," and the count lifted his black eyebrows meaningly.

Instantly the situation cleared for the Cherub. So that was what she had meant by her mysterious protests!

"Oh, ho! Then she knew all along that—that—Oh, come! Do you think I can swallow that? Why, say, you blamed bush dodger, do you expect me to believe she would deliberately tell me—"

"Ah, but that's just the point!" broke in the count. "Did she?"

And when he came to think it over the Cherub could not recall that the Countess Vecchi had ever said or implied that her husband was dead.

"It strikes me that you don't help matters by coming over here

and playing tag around her shrubbery," suggested the Cherub. "I might add that it's apt to be a heap safer for you not to do so."

"Jewell!" murmured the count, quite undisturbed. "But there's no danger. I haven't the least intention of seeing the countess, much less of speaking to her. I had much rather talk to her attorneys."

"Want to see her lawyers, eh? Well, she don't keep them out here in the bushes."

This time the count indulged in quite a genuine snarl.

"My dear Mr. Devine," he protested, "you don't understand the situation. Perhaps if you did you could be of help to me. Allow me to state, then, that it was not to revive a long dead sentiment which brought me to America, but a sordid little matter of money. To be definite, there was a marriage settlement, a paltry affair in the shape of a promised yearly income. At first it was paid in full and regularly; then the payments came at irregular intervals and were only partial. Of late they have ceased. I am informed by Mr. Hewington that he finds it impossible to continue them. As though I would believe that! So I come here to see for myself if the rich Mr. Hewington has suddenly become a beggar. And this is what I find!" Count Vecchi shrugged his shoulders, spread out his palms and indicated the broad expanse of Hewington Acres.

"Such an estate does not suggest poverty to me. Now I am prepared to interview the attorneys of my wife, the countess."

A twinkle of amusement appeared in the blue eyes of Mr. Devine.

"Imagine you can collect, do you?" he asked.

"I can make the attempt. It depends, I suppose, on what value Mr. Hewington sets upon his word and whether or not he is willing to have his pleasant little fiction as to a defunct son-in-law exposed. What do you think?"

Mr. Devine could appreciate such a challenge. He grinned.

"I think you're a slick article," said he, "and I should say you had got 'em. Looks to me as if Mr. Hewington would either have to chloroform you or buy you off."

Count Vecchi indulged in a nonchalant shrug.

"I ask only what is justly due. One cannot live without money."

"There's more or less truth in that, count, only"—And Mr. Devine pursed his lips and shook his head. "Over here we don't make a practice of choking our wives to get it."

"Think!" The count waved aside this reference to his brief domestic career. "Over here I shall make my demands through Madame's legal representatives."

"You're improving. Going to call on them today?"

"As soon as I can get a message to the countess and learn the names of her attorneys."

"Oh, I see! Now, wait. Let me think that over a minute." The Cherub rubbed his pink chin thoughtfully. "You say you don't insist upon seeing the countess personally; all you want is the address of her lawyers."

"The count nodded.

"Then I'll tell you what we might do," suggested Mr. Devine. "Let's go up and ask Timmins to find out. We can get to his office without being seen. What do you say?"

The count was quite willing. He offered Mr. Devine a cigarette in his most affable manner, and when the Cherub has rescued his straw hat they started off through the maze of bluestone walks for the stables.

On reaching the office he left the count outside and went in alone to consult Timmins.

"Ever see a picture of Count Vecchi?" he asked Timmins.

Yes, Timmins had, but not for a couple of years.

"Take a squint through the window at the chap outside," said Mr. Devine. "Did the picture look anything like him?"

Timmins peered through the glass. "Yes, very like him, sir," he went on. "Then that's him," declared the Cherub.

"Not the one that they said was"—

"Yes, but he says he isn't. Claims he never died at all. Now, what do you guess he's here for?"

"Judging by what I've heard, sir, I should say he might be after money."

"Timmins, you're a mind reader. That's just what he is after."

"Why, the sneaking, unmanly villain!" exploded Timmins. "He ought to be put in jail, sir."

"Well, something ought to be done with him. What's that little stone coop without any windows down there by the swan lake?"

"That's the icehouse, sir."

"Oh, no, sir; not now, sir. It's very near empty, I think."

"Room for a cot bed and a chair or so, is there?"

Timmins grinned expressively.

"Plenty of room, sir."

"How about air, Timmins?"

"Excellent ventilation, sir. Has to be, you know."

"Good! Now, you slip out the back way and go down there, will you? Go inside and shut the door. When you hear me knock you'll know I've come with a caller. Get the idea, eh?"

"Do I, sir? Oh, my eye! Oh, my eye!" And with one hand over his mouth, Timmins disappeared.

The icehouse at Hewington Acres was a most substantial building. In the front were two doors—one at the top, reached by a permanent ladder; the other on a level with the ground. This latter was a double door, with an air space between. The outside half was of thick oak and swung on heavy strap hinges. In the upper panel was a diamond shaped design of silver holes. Standing outside and looking up at these perforations was Cherub Devine. He was not studying the design. He was talking to some unseen person behind the thick door, conversing easily and pleasantly in spite of the handicap. True, he was on the free side of the door. That makes a difference, of course.

On the whole, Cherub Devine felt a

grim satisfaction in knowing that the count was safe under lock and key instead of dodging around the grounds, where he might come across the eagerness at any moment. Even if there was no danger of a tender count up for he was bent on making trouble. At that very moment he was so de-claring to the full extent of his last power. Through the silver holes he was shouting that Mr. Devine, the countess, Mr. Hewington and Timmins should all pay dearly for this high handed outrage.

"You're a cursed Yankee plat!" howled the imprisoned count.

"Sorry you're so stirred up over it," soothingly observed the Cherub.

"Kidnap!" shrieked the count.

"Guilty," responded the Cherub.

"First offense, though. Now for heaven's sake calm down."

"It's heastly in here! My shoes are getting full of something!"

"Nothing but sawdust," answered the Cherub. "I'll have Timmins spread a rug or something over it."

"I'll make it hot for you when I get out!"

"Sure! And for the Hewingtons, too, I expect?"

"You'll both have to pay for this as soon as I'm free."

"There! You see!" exclaimed the Cherub cheerfully. "You'd stir up a bad muss, of course. We could put you in jail for attempted blackmail, but that would bring out that the countess wasn't a widow, and all that old gossip would be dug up again and printed in all the papers, and I'd be held up as a kidnaper. No, my dear count, it wouldn't do at all."

The Cherub had wished him a pleasant evening and a good night's rest and was just turning to go to the stables to see Timmins when he found himself facing Mr. Hewington. Astonishment was stamped on every line of the old gentleman's aristocratic countenance.

"Why—why, Mr. Devine! You seem to be holding a conversation with some person in there." And he indicated the closed door of the icehouse.

"Guess I was," admitted the Cherub.

"How singular! And—er—might I—er—ask—"

"Suppose you don't," put in the Cherub. "It would simplify matters a lot if you didn't."

"I have been accustomed, Mr. Devine, to be told of all that went on about this estate, even to the smallest detail. I should like to know, sir, to whom you were talking just now."

"All," said the Cherub, with a gesture of resignation. "There's the gentleman's word."

As Mr. Hewington replaced his glasses and read the full name of Count Vecchi an expression of complete consternation, not to say panic, spread over his features.

"Impossible!" he whispered hoarsely. "Just what I thought when he sprung it on me," commented the Cherub. "I told him he was a dead one. He says he isn't."

"Then the count isn't dead, eh?"

Cherub Devine watched with mild amusement the confusion of mind into which Mr. Hewington was immediately plunged.

"My dear Mr. Devine," said he at last, taking the Cherub by the arm and leading him away from the icehouse. "—er—ah—that is—I hardly know how to—"

"Yes, I understand. Why not let it come straight out, though?"

"Well, I must begin by making the regretful admission that we discovered soon after my daughter's marriage—indeed, on the very day of the ceremony—that he was a person of dissolute habits."

"Yes, I heard all that the first day I struck here. And then?"

"Then, sir, there was an immediate separation. For a time I continued to

supply him with funds, however, but after we left Italy I gradually ceased to do so. About two years ago the count became so dissipated that it was necessary to confine him in a sanitarium. He disappeared from his old haunts. This gave rise to the rumor that he was dead. It was so reported here. Naturally the countess assumed appropriate mourning garb. A few weeks later we learned the falseness of the rumor. The count was still in the sanitarium and much benefited by his stay there. But this fact was not made public."

"I see," said the Cherub. "He says he's come to collect that income you promised him."

"The impudent scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Hewington, lifting his clenched fists.

"That's the talk! I wouldn't give up to him if I were you. But he says if he isn't paid he'll bring suit and advertise the fact that he's still alive."

"The villain!" gasped Mr. Hewington.

"I had him sized up that way from the start. That's why I chucked him in on the ice."

"On the ice, Mr. Devine?"

"Why, sure! I thought he'd cool off quicker in there than anywhere else."

"Ah, I had forgotten! That is the icehouse, of course. And he threatens to make public his identity? This is terrible, Mr. Devine. I have told every one that he was— Why, just think!

It will be known that I am stooped to—to deception."

The trembling jaw of De Courcy Hewington grew firm.

"Devine," said he, "this must not be. That man must not be allowed at large."

"Oh, I'll attend to that, all right. You just stay mum and I'll keep him on the ice. But not a word to the countess."

"Not a word," promised Mr. Hewington. "And in a month or so I will build another icehouse for next summer's use."

"For next summer!" And the Cherub's gaze widened as the full significance of this remark became clear to him. "Then you're planning to give the count a good, long term, eh? Well, say, there's nothing slow about you, is there? Whew! Guess I'll have to think it over."

CHAPTER XII.

M. R. DEVINE took the path toward the stables, chuckling softly at the odd dilemma in which he found himself.

"If ever I needed the help of a slick lawyer, I guess it's now," mused Mr. Devine. "I'll go to town and look up Bob Driscoll."

Mr. Hewington was content that Count Vecchi was no longer a menacing figure to him and to his daughter. Mr. Devine was seeing to that. Besides, there were more cheerful things to occupy Mr. Hewington's mind. He had learned only a half hour before of some very good news. Hewington Acres was no longer owned, even temporarily, by another. In some way or other the estate had been restored intact to his daughter. He had not grasped the details of this fortunate transaction, but he understood vaguely that young Mr. Walloway had been largely instrumental in clearing up the difficulty. Adele had mentioned him. He was an excellent young man, Nicholas Walloway. True, his family was not of precolonial origin, but it was well enough established as families went nowadays. And he was so, distinctly superior to such young men as this Cherub Devine, who had his good traits doubtless, but who was so lacking in the finer instincts. It might be well to talk the subject over with Adele.

He could have found no topic better suited to the mood in which he found the countess that evening. Her brown eyes seemed to glow with a rapt radiance at the first mention of the Cherub's name.

"What absurd notions we did have of her a few days ago!" she observed. Her finger waved his glasses in mild protest.

"We took only reasonable precaution, my dear."

"Against what, daddy? He didn't become intoxicated; he didn't carouse; he didn't fill the house with sporting characters. You remember how you stormed when you heard about his party?"

"I admit being somewhat concerned upon your account, Adele. I feared that his guests might be—"

"Yes, I know. I was looking for a crowd of prizefighters and gamblers, and the Walloways came with Bishop Horton! How silly I felt!" she exclaimed.

"But he is crude—very crude—in manner, bearing, speech, especially in his speech. Now, compare him with Nicholas Walloway. Nicholas is a well born, polished, refined—"

"Blockhead!" broke in the countess. "He's wooden all over."

"My dear, my dear! Nicholas, you must remember, is a gentleman!"

"So I have always believed," replied the countess. "But I don't care. I prefer a live man to a wooden gentleman!"

Mr. Hewington had hoped, now there was no longer necessity for Adele to propitiate this person, that she would politely but effectively put an end to their brief friendship. In his own tactful way Mr. Hewington stated as much.

"Then you should be thoroughly satisfied," responded the countess, "for soon after he had given us back our home I sent him away forever."

"What! Forever! No, no, Adele; that will not do at all. You must not be so abrupt. The fact is that I—er—there is a little matter in which Mr. Devine has undertaken to give me assistance."

"Daddy! You haven't borrowed any money from him, I hope?"

"I? Borrow money of him! Certainly not. It is quite a different affair."

"Mr. Hewington clearly saw that the time had come for him to employ that superior mind of his in the skillful management of a daughter who was at times presumptuous enough to form opinions of her own. And what a shrewd old gentleman he was, to be sure! How well he understood the limitations of feminine mentality!

"For example," he went on, "you have never seen how this parragon of yours can deal with a rival."

"Oh, a competitor in business!" laughed the countess. "I shouldn't expect him to be generous in business."

"In the instance I had in mind," suavely continued Mr. Hewington, twirling his glasses slowly, "he was not dealing with a business competitor. I believe I saw rival."

"You don't mean a—"

"Exactly. A man who stood in his way in what I presume Mr. Devine chooses to regard as an affair of the heart."

"Why—why, I don't understand, daddy! What man can you possibly mean?"

"Now, now, my dear! There you go, wanting to be told things which you probably could not understand and which—"

"But I can. I do. Tell me at once. Was it Nicholas Walloway?"

Mr. Hewington waved his glasses most impatiently.

"Most assuredly not. What a strange conception that Nicholas and Mr. Devine should be rivals in love! No, quite a different person. And what does Mr. Devine do when he meets him and learns his identity? Seizes him forcibly, drags him into the near-

est building and locks him up without law or license."

"Father, I can't believe such a story. Where did you hear such a preposterous tale?"

"From Mr. Devine himself."

"But how? Where did all this occur?"

"Only this afternoon."

"Since he was here? But you have not been away. Then—then it was here on our grounds. Do you mean to say that Mr. Devine has some one locked up in one of our buildings?"

Mr. Hewington could only take refuge behind his dignity.

"That is quite sufficient, my dear. We will not discuss Mr. Devine and his peculiar doings any further, if you please. The subject is one upon which I do not care to dwell just now. I must go to my desk. Good night."

It is hardly fair, though, to speculate as to the innermost thoughts of the Countess Vecchi at that trying moment. We know that she was rather a nice young woman, very good to look at and more or less entertaining as a companion. Suppose she did narrow her eyelids and bite to a ripe redness her gracefully curved underlip. We may even admit that she crushed the meshes of the silver grille until there were red marks on her white palm. She was no pallid condescension of all the feminine virtues. She was a young person of high spirit and ready passions. And she could not wholly forget those stories about La Belle Savole and the dinner to chorus girls. Throwing a lace affair over her head and shoulders, she slipped quietly out through the big entrance hall to the wide veranda and down one of the paths leading toward the sound. It was after 8 o'clock and quite dark as the old moon was now rising late, but she knew exactly where she was going.

She saw something which made her lean forward and strain her eyes with latent interest. From one of the smallest buildings, a low stone structure, which she judged must be the icehouse, issued a cheery beam of light. Some one was standing in the half opened doorway. Only for an instant did this spectacle remain visible. Then the door was shut with a bang, and the yellow ray disappeared. A moment later the countess thought she could distinguish a man making his way across the lawn toward the servants' wing of the house.

Now, all this seemed very singular to the Countess Vecchi. So, keeping the figure of the man in sight, she began to walk parallel with him in order to see where he was going. When she saw he was making directly for the side door of the south wing she grasped her skirts firmly and started to run, and she overtook him.

"Why, Timmins, is it you?"

"Obviously, it was. On one hand he balanced a tray; in the other he carried a formidable looking club."

"Lor, miss, what a start you gave me!" said he.

"Did I? I'm sure I didn't intend to frighten you, Timmins. But I saw you coming, and there was something I wanted to ask you. What is it you have there, Timmins?"

"Why, miss, I've been a-givin' the puppies their supper."

"Yes, I know. But I thought you usually carried their food in a pail. What have they had tonight? And before Timmins could protest she had lifted the linen cover which had been thrown over the tray. A variety of dishes stood revealed.

"Why, Timmins, surely the coach puppies do not eat French chops?"

He was ready witted, was Timmins. "Lor, no, miss, not as a general thing. But this is a special occasion, you know. A very particular occasion, miss."

"Indeed! And what very particular special occasion might this be to call for French chops?"

"Why, don't you remember—four months ago tonight? Course it's a bit of foolishness, but Mrs. Timmins would have it that way. 'Puppies has birthdays,' says she, 'just the same!'"

"But puppies don't eat baked potatoes, even on birthday anniversaries, do they, Timmins?"

"Baked potatoes! Do they? Why, miss, they just loves 'em, so they do."

"And peas and bread and butter and jam, Timmins?"

"It's a bit wonderful, miss, but them puppies has the most educated appetites of any coach puppies I ever see."

No doubt the countess should have resented each barefaced deception. She did make a weak attempt at a frown, but it turned into a smile and then a rippling laugh, in which Timmins joined genuinely.

And the Countess Vecchi tripped off into the darkness toward the front door.

She had heard and seen enough to convince her that at least part of what she had gathered from her father's intimations was correct. Some one was being kept as a prisoner about the place. That some one was shut up in the icehouse. It was useless to ask questions. Her father would refuse to answer, and the replies of Timmins were too inventive to be convincing.

So early the next morning, before any one else on Hewington Acres had even roused and turned over for a sunrise nap, the Countess Vecchi stole quietly downstairs, let herself out of the front windows and walked determinedly in the direction of the icehouse.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

APRIL	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2

"JEKYLL-HYDE" ADMITS GUILT

Miss Blackstone Was Slain by Bertram Spencer

HE MAKES FULL CONFESSION

Large Lot of Jewelry Found in His House Gathered While He Was Posing His Skill Against Skill of Police Investigators—Personal Vanity and Love for the Melodramatic Kept Him on Career of Crime

Springfield, Mass., April 7.—The commission of a series of burglaries, culminating last Thursday night in the murder of Miss Martha B. Blackstone and the serious wounding of Miss Harriet P. Dow, was admitted by Bertram G. Spencer, the young clerk arrested at his home in West Springfield, in his confession to Captain Doyle, chief of the detective bureau of the Springfield police department.

In the confession, which the police say is an amazing one, personal vanity was given as the reason for most of the burglaries. The fascination of reading the newspaper accounts of his exploits, Spencer confessed, furnished the motive for continuing the burglaries, and he also experienced considerable delight in pitting his skill as a criminal against the skill of the police investigators of his crimes.

To him, his burglaries were a game, himself on one side and the police on the other, and the honor was with Spencer for two years, the police being baffled at every turn until Tuesday, when Spencer was arrested on the strength of a lock of hair bearing his initials and the portraits of members of his family, which he had dropped outside of a house he had entered.

In his confession, Spencer said that he did not intend to kill Miss Blackstone or wound Miss Dow in the Dow house on Thursday night. He said that when he saw the women in the house he fired his revolver on the impulse rather than with any intention of injuring anyone. He said that he had never entered a house with the intention of shooting any persons who might interfere with his operations, but believed that he might intimidate persons with the weapon if he should be detected in his burglaries.

A fondness for good society is one of the characteristics of Spencer, revealed by his arrest. He also had a love for the melodramatic, for time after time he suddenly appeared, masked and with drawn revolver, in the midst of a card party or other gathering, sternly commanding compliance with his orders under pain of death.

A review of his exploits shows that he seemed to enjoy the situation which he thus created, as much for the sensation experienced by those he surprised as for the loot which he took. There is nothing to indicate that he ever tried to dispose of his booty, for hidden in his home, where this wife had never seen them, were found ninety-nine pieces of jewelry, and six watches.

What is considered proof that Spencer began his career of crime before he took his clerkship with the Handy company is offered by Dr. C. S. Pratt of Brattleboro, Vt. Dr. Pratt's home was burglarized on July 23, 1908, and from it was taken a gold ring. This ring was among the loot found at Spencer's home. On the date of the burglary Spencer was employed as a brakeman on a Boston and Maine train which ended its run at Brattleboro.

Spencer was arraigned in the Springfield municipal court. He was not allowed to plead to the charge of murder that had been preferred against him, and his case was continued until April 15.

REV. B. M. TIPPLE

His Attack on Vatican Angered Mr. Roosevelt



VATICAN'S NOTE MODERATE

Why the Last Dispatch to Roosevelt Was Not Made Public

Rome, April 8.—Several American newspapers have accused Mr. Roosevelt of failing to give out all the correspondence that passed between the Vatican and himself, in that he did not supply the newspaper men with the Vatican's last dispatch. It appears this is not Roosevelt's fault.

The Tribune states that Mr. Leshman did not think the dispatch of sufficient interest to Roosevelt to communicate the entire text. He simply advised Roosevelt, then in Egypt, that the Vatican insisted that an audience would be impossible unless the conditions imposed were agreed to. It now appears that the Vatican's answer was really couched in the most moderate terms in order to permit negotiations to continue.

Mr. Roosevelt, being unaware of this, and thinking that all chance of an audience was lost, communicated the correspondence he had to the press. It was then too late for the affair to be straightened out.

AFTER THREE YEARS OF LIFE

New England Investment Company in Receivers' Hands

NEW HAMPSHIRE COURT ACTS

Bills in Equity Already Pending in Two Other States—Concern Holds Securities in Many Industries, Stock in Which Is Held by About Three Thousand Persons—Enormous Valuation of Putty Formula

Concord, N. H., April 8.—Upon the representation of many stockholders residing in Manchester, that the company was insolvent, that its shares of stock had been sold at varying prices and that its capital stock was being used to pay dividends of 20 and 30 percent, receivers were appointed by Judge Aldrich in the United States court here for the New England Investment company, a concern chartered in Rhode Island.

Bills in equity are already pending against the company in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, while a temporary injunction has been allowed to prevent the payment of certain claims in the latter state.

The receivers for New Hampshire were named as Judge Bingham of the supreme court of Manchester and Burns P. Hodgman, clerk of the United States court, of Concord. The petition for receivers was brought by James A. Broderick of Manchester, in the name of the stockholders who were possessed of 2100 shares.

The New England Investment company was started in Rhode Island some three years ago, as a holding company, the founder and president being Joseph De Champlain of Manchester, N. H., who is still at the head of the concern. The capital stock named in the charter was \$500,000, and shares were sold all over New England and in Canada, at prices, it is claimed, of from 50 cents to \$3, which, it is claimed, brought \$623,000 into the company, the number of stockholders approaching 3000, mostly of the laboring class.

The investment company by various deals took over a number of subsidiary companies representing coal, wood, ice, hosiery, putty, pickling, granite and lumber industries and extended its influence into the farming communities of the New England states and Canada.

Dissatisfaction with the affairs of the company became current with the report a few months ago of Auditor Greet, who presented a statement in which he claimed the dividends were unearned, and were being paid out of the capital stock.

In his statement it was stated that a valuation of \$99,975 was put upon the formula for making putty in the statement of assets of the American Kauling Putty company of Salem, Mass., and that the good will of the Dunstable (Mass.) Granite company was given as \$19,975. The total assets of the investment company were given as \$332,677.15.

In the petition filed here it is claimed that the property of the company is worth but \$279,000; and that the claims against the company and depreciation will show that the company is in fact insolvent.

CONDENSED STATEMENT

—OF THE—

Newport Trust Company,

As made to the Bank Commissioner January 31, 1910.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Investments	\$1,311,463 73
Banking House & Safe Deposit Vaults	169,000 00
Due from Reserve Banks	82,171 95
Due from Other Banks	4,032 34
Due from Treasurer of the U. S.	5,000 00
Cash	91,497 18
	\$1,663,165 20
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	\$300,000 00
Surplus and Profits	123,975 05
Deposits	1,239,190 15
	\$1,663,165 20

ANGUS MCLEOD, President.
THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Vice President.
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer.

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street PHONA 1183

MILLINERY

ATTRactions

For Selection go to SCHREIER'S.
For Style go to SCHREIER'S.

Everything in the line found here at popular prices.
Specialties in CHILDREN'S HATS.
ORDER DEPARTMENT,
BEST WORK GUARANTEED.

MIDDLETOWN.

Mr. Nathaniel L. Champlin died on Thursday afternoon of last week at his home on Forest avenue. Mr. Champlin, who was in his 78th year, had resided in Middletown for the past 40 years, 34 of which had been spent on Forest avenue where he had built before the road was opened, the late extending only to Southwick's Grove. Mr. Champlin was a native of Block Island having been born there July 21, 1831. He was the oldest of five children of whom but one survives.

He was the son of John and Dorothea Champlin and his earlier life was spent on Block Island where he was extensively engaged in farming which business he continued in Middletown until recent years. Early in life he united with the Methodist Church and was an earnest and kind. His death was due to heart failure resulting from the weakness incident to his years. He was survived by a widow and five children: Miss Arveta, Jessie, wife of John Henry Anthony of Middletown, Nathaniel L. Champlin, Jr., Charles Champlin of Riverside and Anna D. wife of James Willis Peckham of Middletown, also a step-daughter, Mrs. George Sturtevant of New Bedford. He leaves a brother, Millard F. Champlin of Block Island.

Funeral services were held on Sunday and were conducted by Rev. C. E. Delamater. The bearers included his two sons, Nathaniel L. Champlin, Jr. and Charles Champlin, and his two sons-in-law, Mr. John H. Anthony and Mr. J. Willis Peckham. The interment was in the Middletown cemetery.

Miss Elizabeth P. Anthony, who is teaching in Mount Clair N. J. is spending her spring vacation with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John H. Anthony on Wyatt Road.

The funeral of Joseph A. Peckham, a younger brother of Elisha Clarke Peckham of this town, was attended to Providence on Saturday by a number of relatives from Middletown among them his nephew and namesake, Mr. Peckham was a frequent summer visitor here. He was one of ten children and is survived by his brother, Elisha C. Peckham 86, a sister, Mrs. Eliza Arnold 83, (who owns the Arnold Villa on Vaudeuse avenue), and a second brother, Mr. John Peckham of Providence.

A portion of the Middletown Colony who have been wintering at Eustis, Florida, returned last week. These include Mr. and Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham and their son Harold, Miss Grace Evelyn Peckham, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Herbert Ward and their son, Charles H. Ward, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Peckham and Mr. Elton W. Peckham will probably remain a month longer. Mr. Edward Peckham wishes to see the "partial completion" of the Baugous which he is erecting, before his return, and Mr. Elton W. Peckham is not sufficiently recovered to health.

By the resignation of two teachers at the close of the winter term, March 24th, the Paradise School opened Monday under Miss Mildred Young of Central Falls and the Peabody School in charge of Miss Jennie Hart of East Providence. Both are graduates of the Rhode Island Normal School Providence. The former teacher at the Peabody, Miss Bertha Louise Morrison, was married on Tuesday April 6th to Mr. Herbert Cary of Medford Hillside, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Cary expect to reside in New York where Mr. Cary is engaged in the newspaper business.

Mr. Stephen Barker, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Barker of Paradise avenue, has leased the Schwartz cottage on Paradise avenue taking possession on April 1st. His marriage to Miss Gladys Sherman, oldest daughter of Mr. Henry Sherman formerly of the Glen Farm, is expected to occur this spring.

JAMESTOWN.

At the annual town meeting on Wednesday there was little excitement, there being no opposition to the Republican nominees. The following officers were elected:

Moderator—Henry T. Knowles.
Town Council—William A. Barber, John E. Brayman, Charles Bowls, John R. Caswell and P. Sidney Arnold.
Town Clerk—William H. Severance.
Town Treasurer—Edwin G. Knowles.
Town Sergeant—Robert E. Sherman.
Assessor of Taxes (five years)—Thomas Carr Watson.
Tax Collector—Harry P. Stubbs.
Overseer of the poor—Ralph G. P. Hull.
School Committee (three years)—George H. Carr.
Towns Committee for the Jamestown and Newport Ferry Company—Isaac H. Clarke, Charles E. Weedon and Alvin H. Peckham.

SEIDEL ELECTED MAYOR

Social Democrats Sweep Milwaukee With a Record Plurality

Milwaukee, April 6.—Social Democrats, led by Emil Seidel, candidate for mayor, swept Milwaukee in the municipal election by approximately 8000 votes, the largest plurality of any party in a similar contest in the history of the city. The Social Democrats will control the common council.

V. J. Schoenecker, Jr., Democrat, who ran second, was about 8000 ahead of J. M. Bessel, Republican.

The platform of all three parties were similar. They advocated home rule, initiative and referendum and regulation of the liquor traffic.

Mrs. Kelleher Set Free

Cambridge, Mass., April 5.—Mrs. Mary Kelleher, after having been in East Cambridge jail for one year and a half, awaiting trial on an indictment charging her with murdering six persons, all relatives, was freed by a jury's verdict rendered by order of Judges Stevens and Dana, and at the request of District Attorney Higgins, in the superior criminal court here after Higgins had informed the court that there was not sufficient evidence to convict Mrs. Kelleher.

REBELLIOUS TURKS

SEIZE A GOVERNOR

Also Capture Government Troops Sent to Punish Them

Constantinople, April 8.—The Albanian revolutionists in a sharp fight defeated and captured the Turkish troops sent to punish them, according to dispatches received here.

The revolt is "growing" and the Turkish government is worried. It has been decided to rush further reinforcements to the scene of trouble. The Turkish troops were surrounded by the insurgents and, after being forced to surrender, were disarmed. Their arms and ammunition were distributed among the rebels, whose position is now much stronger.

They have captured the governor of Prizrend and are holding him hostage, it is reported.

TO HIRE NO MORE WOMEN

Railroad Company Thinks Men Better Fitted to Handle Its Work

Pittsburg, April 8.—The Baltimore and Ohio railroad has decided to hire no more women for railroad work in any capacity. It has been decided that duties in a railroad office can be handled better by men and boys.

The women who are already on the payroll of the company will not be discharged at once, it is stated.

It has been roughly estimated that 30 percent more work can be gotten from the average young man stenographer than from a girl in the same position, and that the work is more carefully handled. The same thing applies to other departments.

SAVED FROM BURNING SHIP

Nine Hundred People Have Cause to Be Thankful to Wireless

London, April 8.—Nine hundred passengers were transferred from the burning steamer Catarama to the Kanawha in the English channel.

Not a single mishap marked the transference of the crowds of men, women and children, and the incident stands out as one of the most daring and unusual of its kind in many years.

It was another triumph for the wireless.

Crops Ruined by Etna Lava

Catania, April 6.—Mt. Etna is exhibiting new activity. A stream of lava has turned toward Cisterna Regina and has almost reached that village. The crops in the vicinity of Borlino and Nicolosi have been ruined.

Hailstone Story From Missouri

St. Joseph, Mo., April 8.—At Barnard, Mo., hailstones as large as baseballs fell and the storm which was general over Nevada county caused great damage to fruit and grain.

BABY'S ITCHING WAS INTOLERABLE

Girl of Six Months had Fearful Attack of Eczema—Spread All Over Her Face and Eyes Began to Swell—Scratched Till Blood Came—Relieved in a Night and Cured by CUTICURA

"When my little girl was six months old I noticed small red spots on her right cheek. I did not pay any attention to them but finally the spots grew so large that I sent for the doctor who said it was ringworm. He prescribed an ointment which I used for two weeks, but instead of helping the eruption the ointment seemed to make it worse. Then I went to a second doctor who after examining the baby said it was eczema. He also gave me an ointment which did not help either. The disease in the meantime spread all over the face and the eyes began to swell. I became very anxious. The itching grew intolerable. I had to tie the baby's hands to the cradle to prevent her scratching. The cheeks were covered with blood and it was a terrible sight to see. I consulted doctors from September to December, but they were unable to cure the baby. I paid out from twenty to thirty dollars without relief.

One of my friends told me of the Cuticura Remedies and I sent at once for a set which I began to use that evening. The next morning the baby's face was all white instead of red and you can imagine how surprised I was. I cannot find words enough to praise Cuticura and I do not know what would have become of my baby only for it. I used three cakes of Cuticura Soap, two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent and I never used any other cure. I always recommend them whenever there is a chance for doing so. I will send you one of her pictures which she had taken just after she was healed. Mrs. P. E. Gumbin, Sheldon, Ia., July 13, 1908."

Cuticura Soap (Ct.), Ointment (Ct.), Resolvent (Ct.), each 25¢. Cuticura Soap (Ct.), Ointment (Ct.), Resolvent (Ct.), each 25¢. Cuticura Soap (Ct.), Ointment (Ct.), Resolvent (Ct.), each 25¢. Cuticura Soap (Ct.), Ointment (Ct.), Resolvent (Ct.), each 25¢.

BROAD AS SHE WAS LONG

Death of Four-Foot Woman Who Weighed Seven Hundred Pounds

New York, April 8.—Louise Ambrosio, who had the distinction of weighing 13.4 pounds for every inch of her height, died last night from acute rheumatism.

She was four feet four inches by four feet four inches and weighed 700 pounds. She was 24 years old and well known as a professional fat woman.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have burning vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal, if the lines have attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file a year or two ago are now of no use at all. Give optical refraction of all kinds. Optical prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-75 553 11. 10-1230 P. M.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

A Full Line of all the NEW AND

Improved Varieties VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management. Newly furnished suites with bath to date, states, at special rates by the week. F. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

A Fashionable Physician. "What you need is a trip to Europe." "But I couldn't afford it, doctor, nor could I spare the time from my business." "Oh, well, take a little quinine."—Louisville Courier Journal.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be satisfied it and buy her a box?

Tales For a Winter Evening

Jonesy

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Copyright, 1907, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

IT WAS Peter T. Brown that suggested it, you might know. And, as likewise you might know, 'twas Cap'n Jonadab that done the most of the growling. "They ain't no sense in it, Peter," says he. "Education's all right in its place, but 'tain't no good out of it."

"Oh, ring off!" says Peter. "Twenty-three!" And so they had it back and forth. I didn't say nothing. I knew how 'twould end. If Peter T. Brown thought 'twas good judgment to hire a mess of college boys for waiters, fellows who could order up the squab in pigeon English and the hum in bog Latin, I didn't care, so long as the orders and boarders got filled and the payroll didn't have growing pains. I had considerable faith in Brown's ideas, and he was as set on this one as a Brahma hen on a plaster nest egg.

"It'll give tone to the shelling," says he, referring to the hotel, "and we want to keep the Old Home House as high toned as a ten story organ factory. And as for education, that's a matter of taste. Me, I'd just as soon have a waiter that bashfully admitted 'Wee, my dum,' as I would one that pushed 'Shur-ee, Molke' edgeways, out of one corner of his mouth and served the lettuce on top of the lobster from principle, to keep the green above the red."

So it went his way finally, as I knew it would, and when the Old Home opened up on June 1 the college waiters was on hand. And they was as nice a lot of boys as ever handled plates and wiped dishes for their board and \$1 a week. And they made a hit with the boarders, especially the women folks. Before June was over the Old Home was full up, and we had to annex a couple of next door houses for the leftovers.

I was skipper for one of them houses, and Jonadab ran the other. Each of us had a cook and a waiter, a housekeeper and an upstairs girl. My housekeeper was the boss prize in the package. Her name was Mabel Seabury, and she was young and quiet and as pretty as the first bunch of Mayflowers in the spring. And a lady—what! The first time I set opposite to her at table I made up my mind I wouldn't drink out of my sasser if I scolded the lining off my throat.

She was city born and brought up, but she wasn't one of your common "He, he; ain't you terrible!" lunch counter princesses, with a head like a dandelion gone to seed and a fishnet waist. You bet she wasn't! Her dad had had money once, afore he tried to beat out Joush and swallow the stock exchange while.

The only trouble she made was first along, and that wasn't her fault. I thought at one time we'd have to put up a wire fence to keep them college waiters away from her. They hung around her like a passel of gulls around a herring boat. She was nice to 'em, too, but when you're just so nice to everybody and the prospect ain't encouraging. So they give it up, but there wasn't a male on the place, from old Dr. Blunt, mixer of Blunt's Burdock Bitters and Blunt's Balm For Beauty, down to the boy that emptied the ashes, who wouldn't have humped himself on all fours and crawled eight miles if she'd asked him to. And that includes me, and Cap'n Jonadab, and we're about as tough a couple of women proof old hulks as you'll find afloat.

One evening—along the second week in July 'twas—I got up from the supper table and walked over toward the hotel. By the gate I see a feller standing, a feller with a leather bag in his hand, a stranger.

"Good evening," says I. "Looking for the hotel, was you?" He swung round kind of lazy-like and looked at me. Then I noticed how big he was. Seemed to me he was all of seven feet high and broad according. And rigged up—my soul! He had on a wide felt hat with a whirling top on it and a light checked suit and gloves and slung more style than a barber on Sunday.

"Good evening," says the seven footer, looking down and speaking to me cheerfully. "Is this the Old Ladies' home—the Old Home House, I should say?"

"Yes, sir," says I, looking up reverent at that hat. "Right," he says. "Will you be good enough to tell me where I can find the proprietor? I'm looking for a job."

"A job!" I sings out. "A job?" "Yes, I understand you employ college men as waiters. I'm from Harvard, and—"

"A waiter?" I says, so astonished that I could hardly swallow. "Be you a waiter?"

"I don't know. I've been told so. Our coach used to say I was the best waiter on the team. At any rate, I'll try the experiment."

"But what for? You ain't short of cash?"

"You bet!" he says. "Strapped!" I went off and found Peter T. You'd ought to see Peter stare when we were in sight of the candidate.

"Thunder!" says he. "Is this exhibit 1, Barzilla?"

I done the polite, mentioning Brown's name, bestiding on 'olber chap's.

"Er-Jonesy," says the human light-house.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Jones," says Peter. "So you want to be a waiter, do you? For how much per?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'll begin at the

bottom, being a green nabob. Twenty a week or so."

Brown choked. "The figure's all right," he says, "only it covers a month down here."

"Right!" says Jones, not a bit shook up.

Peter stepped back and looked him over. "Jonesy," says he finally, "you're on. Take him to the servants' quarters, Wingate."

Next morning we was at the breakfast table to my branch establishment—me and Mabel and the five boarders. All hands was doing their best to start a famine in the fruit market, and Dr. Blunt was waving a banana and cheering us with a yarn about an old lady that his Burdock Bitters had killed bodily out of the tomb when the kitchen door opens, and in marches the waiter with the tray full of dishes of "cereal." Seems to me 'twas chopped hay we had that morning—either that or shavings. I always get them breakfast foods mixed up.

But 'twasn't the hay that made everybody set up and take notice. 'Twas the waiter himself. He clogged up the scenery like a pet elephant and was down in the shipping list as "Jones."

"Well, Mr. Jones," says I, soon's I could get my breath, "this is kind of unexpected, ain't it? Thought you was booked for the main deck."

"Yes, sir," he says, polite as a sewing machine agent, "I was, but Percy and I have exchanged. Cereal this morning, madam?"

Mrs. Boudierby took her measure of shavings and Jones' measure at the same time. She had him labeled "Danger" right off. You could tell that by the way she spread her wings over "Maize." But I wasn't watching her just then. I was looking at Mabel Seabury—looking and wondering.

The housekeeper was white as the tablecloth. She stared at the Jones man as if she couldn't believe her eyes, and her breath come short and quick. I thought sure she was going to cry. And what she ate of that meal wouldn't have made a lunch for a hearty humming bird.

When 'twas finished I went out on the porch to think things over. The dining room window was open, and Jonesy was clearing the table. All of a sudden I heard him say, low and earnest:

"Well, aren't you going to speak to me?"

The answer was in a girl's voice, and I knew the voice. It said:

"You, you! How could you? Why did you come?"

"You didn't think I could stay away, did you?"

"But how did you know I was here?"

"It took me a month, but I worked it out finally. Aren't you glad to see me?"

She burst out crying then, quiet, but as if her heart was broke.

"Oh," she sobs, "how could you be so cruel! And they've been so kind to me here."

"I went away then, thinking harder than ever! At dinner Jonesy done the waiting, but Mabel wasn't on deck."

"A job!" I sings out. "A job!"

She had a headache, the cook said, and Peter Brown comes to me, all broke up, and says he:

"There's merrily clink to pay," he says. "Mabel's going to leave."

"No?" says I. "She ain't neither!"

"Yes, she is. She says she's going tomorrow. She won't tell me why, and I've argued with her for two hours. She's going to quit, and I'd rather enough sight quit myself. What'll we do?" says he.

All round the place everybody was talking about the "lovely" new waiter, and to hear the girls go on you'd think the Prince of Wales had landed. I was busy thinking. By 8 o'clock I'd made up my mind, and I went hunting for Jones.

"Look here," says I, "Mr.—Mr.—"

"Jones," says he.

"Oh, yes—Jones. It's a nice name."

"I remember it beautifully," says he, smiling.

"All right, Mr. Jones. I'm going to preach a little sermon. My text is found in the Old Home hotel, Wellmouth, first house on the left. It's Miss Seabury," says I.

He was surprised. I guess, but he never turned a hair. "Indeed?" he says. "She is—the housekeeper. Isn't she?"

"She was," says I. "but she leaves tomorrow morning."

That hit him between wind and water.

"No?" he slogs out, setting up straight and staring at me. "Not really?"

"You bet," I says. "Now, down in this part of the chart we've come to think more of that young lady than a cat does of the only kitten left out of the bag in the water bucket. Let me tell you about her."

So I went ahead, telling him how Mabel had come to us, why she come, how well she was liked, how much she liked us and a whole lot more.

"And now, all at once," says I, "she gives up being happy and well and contented, and won't eat, and cries, and says she's going to leave. There's a reason, and I'm going to make a guess at it. I believe it calls itself Jonesy."

His underjaw pushed out a little, and his eyebrows drew together. But all he said was, "Well?"

"Yes," I says. "And now, Mr. Jones, I'm old and noney maybe, but I like that girl. Perhaps I might come to like you too. You can't tell. Under them circumstances and with the understanding that it didn't go no farther maybe you might give me a glimpse of the lay of the land. Possibly I might have something to say that would help. I'm fairly white underneath, if I be sunburned. What do you think about it?"

He didn't answer right off; seemed to be chewing it over. After a spell he spoke.

"Mr. Wingate," says he, "with the understanding that you mentioned I don't mind supposing a case. Suppose you was a chap in college. Suppose you met a girl in the vicinity that was—well, was about the best ever. Suppose you came to find that life wasn't worth a continental without that girl. Then suppose you had a dad with money—lots of money. Suppose the old go—the governor, I mean—without even seeing her or even knowing her name or a thing about her said no. Suppose you and the old gentleman had a devil of a row and broke off for keeps. Then suppose the girl wouldn't listen to you under the circumstances. Talked rot about 'wasted future' and 'throwing your life away,' and so on. Suppose when you showed her that you didn't care a red for futures she ran away from you and wouldn't tell where she'd gone. Suppose—well, I guess that's enough supposing. I don't know why I'm telling you these things anyway."

He stopped and scowled at the floor, acting like he was sorry he spoke. I pulled at my pipe a minute or so, and then says I:

"Run!" I says. "I presume likely it's fair to suppose that this break with the old gent is for good?"

He didn't answer. But he didn't need to. The look on his face was enough.

"Yes," says I. "Well, it's likewise to be supposed that the idea—the eventual idea—is marriage, straight marriage, hey?"

He jumped out of his chair. "Why, cuss you!" he says. "If!"

"All right. Set down and be nice. I was fairly sure of my soundings, but it didn't do no harm to leave the lead. I ask your pardon. Well, what you going to support a wife on—her kind of a wife? A summer waiter's job at twenty a month?"

He set down, but he looked more troubled than ever. I was sorry for him. I couldn't help liking the boy.

"Suppose she keeps her word and goes away," says I, "what then?"

"I'll go after her."

"Suppose she still sticks to her principles and won't have you, where'll you go then?"

"To the hereafter," says he, naming the station at the end of the route.

"Oh, well, there's no hurry about that. Most of us are sure of a free one way pass to that port some time or other, according to the parson's tell. See here, Jones! Let's look at this thing like a couple of men, not children. The way to show a young woman like her that you mean business and are going to be worth cooking meals for is to get the best place you can and start in to earn a living and save money. Now, Mr. Brown's father-in-law is a man by the name of Dillaway, Dillaway of the Consolidated Cash Stores. He'll do things for me if I ask him to, and I happen to know that he's just started a branch up to Providence and is there now. Suppose I give you a note to him, asking him as a favor to me to give you the best job he can. He'll do it, I know! After that it's up to you. This is, of course, providing that you start for Providence tomorrow morning. What do you say?"

He was thinking hard. "Suppose I don't make good?" he says.

"Oh, suppose your granny's pet hen hatched turkeys," I says, getting impatient. "I'll risk your making good."

"Mr. Wingate," says he, "it's a deal."

"Good enough!" I says. "Now, you go and tell her, and I'll write the letter to Dillaway."

So the next forenoon Peter T. Brown was joyful all up one side because Mabel had said she'd stay and mournful all down the other because his pet college giant had quit almost afore he started.

I went up to the depot with Jonesy to see him off.

"Goodby, old man," he says, slapping hands. "You'll write me once in awhile telling me how she is, and—so on?"

"Bet you!" says I. "I'll keep you posted up."

July and the first two weeks to August moped along, and everything at the Old Home House kept about the same. Mabel was in mighty good spirits for her, and she got prettier every day. I had considerable fun with Cap'n Jonadab over his not landing a rich husband for the Seabury girl. Looked like the millionaire crop was going to be a failure that summer. But one morning he comes to me, excited as a mouse at a cat show, and says he:

"Ah, ha! What did I tell you? I've got one!"

"I see you have," says I. "Want me to send for the doctor?"

"Stop your fooling," he says. "I mean I've got a millionaire. He's coming tonight!"

I managed to find out that the new boarder was a big banker from New York, name of Van Wedderburn, with a barrel of cash and a hoghead of dyspepsy.

"And I've fixed it that he's to stop at your house, Barzilla," crows Jonadab. "And when he sees Mabel—well, you know what she's done to the other men folks," he says.

"Humph!" says I. "Maybe he's got dyspepsy of the heart along with the other kind. What makes you so cock sarlin'?"

"Cause he's a widower," he says. "That's the softest kind."

"Well, you ought to know," I told him. "Bet you 75 cents to a quarter it don't work."

He wouldn't take me, having scruples against betting, except when he had the answer in his pocket. But he went away cackling joyful, and that night Van Wedderburn arrived.

Van was a substantial looking old relic, built on the lines of the Boston statehouse, broad in the beam and with a shiny dome on top. I judged the meals at our table would be as agreeable as a dog fight.

However, 'twas up to me, and I towed him in and made him acquainted with Mabel. She wasn't enthusiastic until I mentioned his name. Then she gave a little gasp-like. When Van had gone up to his rooms, pulling like a donkey engine and growling 'cause there wasn't no elevators, she took me by the arm and says she:

"What did you say his name was, Mr. Wingate?"

"Van Wedderburn," says I.

"Not of Van Wedderburn & Hamilton, the bankers?" she asks, eager.

"That's him," says I. "Why? Do you know him?"

"Oh, no," she says, "I don't know him, but I know of him—everybody does."

Well, everybody did, that's a fact, and the way Marm Boudierby and "Maize" was toggled out at the supper table was a sin and a stigma.

But what surprised me was Mabel Seabury. She was dressed up, too—not in the Boudierby's style—collar-bones and diamonds—but in plain white, with lace fuzz. If she wasn't peaches and cream then all you need is lettuce to make me a lobster salad.

And she was as nice to Van as if he was old Deuteronomy out of the Bible. He set down to that meal with a face on him like a pair of outerackers, and afore 'twas over he was laughing and eating apple pie and telling funny yarns about robbing his "friends" in the street. I judged he'd be sorry for it afore morning, but I didn't care for that. I was kind of worried myself; didn't understand it.

And I understood it less, and less as the days went by. Mabel cooked little special dishes for his dyspepsy to play with and set with him on the piazza evenings and laughed at his jokes and the hand-knows what. Inside of a fortnight he was a good guess, which wasn't surprising, every other man being in the same fix, but 'twas surprising to see her helping the goodness along. The Boudierbys packed up and lit out in ten days, and none of the other women would speak to Mabel.

And Jonadab! He wasn't fit to live with. The third forenoon after Van Wedderburn got there he come around and took the quarter bet. And the way he crowed over me made my hands itch for a rope's end. That night I dropped a line to poor Jonesy at Providence telling him that if he could get a day off maybe he'd better come down to Wellmouth and see to his fences.

The next day was Labor day, and what was left of the boarders was going for a final picnic over to Baker's grove at Ostab. We went, three cat-boats full of us, and Van and Mabel Seabury was in the same boat. We made the grove all right, and me and Jonadab had our hands full, taking claims and chasing spiders out of the milk and doing all the chores that makes a picnic so joyfully miserable. When the dinner dishes was washed I went off by myself to a quiet bunch of bayberry bushes half a mile from the grove and laid down to rest, being beat out.

I guess I fell asleep, and what woke me was somebody speaking close by.

"Oh, no!" says Mabel Seabury. Dreadful, nervous and hurried-like.

"Oh, no!" Mr. Van Wedderburn, please don't say any more."

"Do you mean that—really mean it?" asks Van, his voice rather shaky and seemingly a good deal upset. "My dear young lady, I realize that I'm twice your age and more, and I suppose that I was an old fool to hope, but I did hope—Can't you?"

"No," says she, more nervous than ever and shaky, too, but decided. "No, Oh, no! It's all my fault. I'm—I'm—so sorry. Please forgive me."

That night as I passed the blue bushes by the gate somebody steps out and grabs my arm. I jumped, looked up, and there, glaring down at me out of the clouds, was Friend Jones from Providence, R. I.

"Wingate," he whispers, fierce, "who is the man and where is he?"

"Easy," I begs, "easy on that arm. I might want to use it again. What man?"

"That man you wrote me about. I've come down here to interview him."

"Oh, it's all right now," says I. "There was an old rooster from New York who was acting too skittish to suit me, but I guess it's all off. He's a hundred years old or so—name of Van Wedderburn."

"What?" he says, pinching my arm till I could all but feel his thumb and finger meat. "What? Stop joking. I'm not funny tonight."

"It's no joke," says I, trying to put my arm together again. "Van Wedderburn is his name. Course you've heard of him. Why, there he is now!"

Sure enough, there was Van, standing like a statue of misery on the front porch of the main hotel. Jonesy stared and stared.

"Is that the man?" he says, choking up. "Was he sweet on Mabel?"

"Sweeter 'n a molasses stopper," says I. "But he's going away in a day or so."

He commenced to laugh, and I thought he'd never stop.

"What's the joke?" I asks after a year or so of this foolishness. "Let me in, won't you?"

He stopped long enough to ask one more question. "Tell me, for the Lord's sake!" says he. "Did she know who he was?"

"Sartin," says I. "So did every other woman around the place. You'd think so!"

"Humph!" says I. "Maybe he's got dyspepsy of the heart along with the other kind. What makes you so cock sarlin'?"

"Cause he's a widower," he says. "That's the softest kind."

"Well, you ought to know," I told him. "Bet you 75 cents to a quarter it don't work."

He wouldn't take me, having scruples against betting, except when he had the answer in his pocket. But he went away cackling joyful, and that night Van Wedderburn arrived.

Van was a substantial looking old relic, built on the lines of the Boston statehouse, broad in the beam and with a shiny dome on top. I judged the meals at our table would be as agreeable as a dog fight.

However, 'twas up to me, and I towed him in and made him acquainted with Mabel. She wasn't enthusiastic until I mentioned his name. Then she gave a little gasp-like. When Van had gone up to his rooms, pulling like a donkey engine and growling 'cause there wasn't no elevators, she took me by the arm and says she:

"What did you say his name was, Mr. Wingate?"

"Van Wedderburn," says I.

"Not of Van Wedderburn & Hamilton, the bankers?" she asks, eager.

"That's him," says I. "Why? Do you know him?"

"Oh, no," she says, "I don't know him, but I know of him—everybody does."

Well, everybody did, that's a fact, and the way Marm Boudierby and "Maize" was toggled out at the supper table was a sin and a stigma.

But what surprised me was Mabel Seabury. She was dressed up, too—not in the Boudierby's style—collar-bones and diamonds—but in plain white, with lace fuzz. If she wasn't peaches and cream then all you need is lettuce to make me a lobster salad.

And she was as nice to Van as if he was old Deuteronomy out of the Bible. He set down to that meal with a face on him like a pair of outerackers, and afore 'twas over he was laughing and eating apple pie and telling funny yarns about robbing his "friends" in the street. I judged he'd be sorry for it afore morning, but I didn't care for that. I was kind of worried myself; didn't understand it.

And I understood it less, and less as the days went by. Mabel cooked little special dishes for his dyspepsy to play with and set with him on the piazza evenings and laughed at his jokes and the hand-knows what. Inside of a fortnight he was a good guess, which wasn't surprising, every other man being in the same fix, but 'twas surprising to see her helping the goodness along. The Boudierbys packed up and lit out in ten days, and none of the other women would speak to Mabel.

And Jonadab! He wasn't fit to live with. The third forenoon after Van Wedderburn got there he come around and took the quarter bet. And the way he crowed over me made my hands itch for a rope's end. That night I dropped a line to poor Jonesy at Providence telling him that if he could get a day off maybe he'd better come down to Wellmouth and see to his fences.

The next day was Labor day, and what was left of the boarders was going for a final picnic over to Baker's grove at Ostab. We went, three cat-boats full of us, and Van and Mabel Seabury was in the same boat. We made the grove all right, and me and Jonadab had our hands full, taking claims and chasing spiders out of the milk and doing all the chores that makes a picnic so joyfully miserable. When the dinner dishes was washed I went off by myself to a quiet bunch of bayberry bushes half a mile from the grove and laid down to rest, being beat out.

I guess I fell asleep, and what woke me was somebody speaking close by.

"Oh, no!" says Mabel Seabury. Dreadful, nervous and hurried-like.

"Oh, no!" Mr. Van Wedderburn, please don't say any more."

"Do you mean that—really mean it?" asks Van, his voice rather shaky and seemingly a good deal upset. "My dear young lady, I realize that I'm twice your age and more, and I suppose that I was an old fool to hope, but I did hope—Can't you?"

"No," says she, more nervous than ever and shaky, too, but decided. "No, Oh, no! It's all my fault. I'm—I'm—so sorry. Please forgive me."

That night as I passed the blue bushes by the gate somebody steps out and grabs my arm. I jumped, looked up, and there, glaring down at me out of the clouds, was Friend Jones from Providence, R. I.

"Wingate," he whispers, fierce, "who is the man and where is he?"

"Easy," I begs, "easy on that arm. I might want to use it again. What man?"

"That man you wrote me about. I've come down here to interview him."

"Oh, it's all right now," says I. "There was an old rooster from New York who was acting too skittish to suit me, but I guess it's all off. He's a hundred years old or so—name of Van Wedderburn."

"What?" he says, pinching my arm till I could all but feel his thumb and finger meat. "What? Stop joking. I'm not funny tonight."

"It's no joke," says I, trying to put my arm together again. "Van Wedderburn is his name. Course you've heard of him. Why, there he is now!"

Sure enough, there was Van, standing like a statue of misery on the front porch of the main hotel. Jonesy stared and stared.

"Is that the man?" he says, choking up. "Was he sweet on Mabel?"

"Sweeter 'n a molasses stopper," says I. "But he's going away in a day or so."

He commenced to laugh, and I thought he'd never stop.

"What's the joke?" I asks after a year or so of this foolishness. "Let me

Home Course In Domestic Science

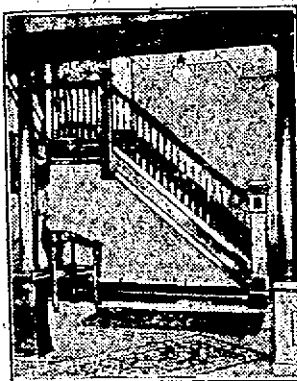
XVI.—Treatment of Floors and Windows.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,
In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa
State College.

Copyright, 1910, by American Press
Association.

AFTER the plan of rooms has been decided upon and the walls have been decorated with colors and materials in accordance with the governing principles of light, harmony, and general fitness the next point to consider in house furnishing is the floor. The new house of modern design will probably have floors of hardwood, and some varieties are so beautiful in themselves that the necessary treatment is very simple. A priming or filling coat of white lac to preserve the wood and cover up cracks, followed by one or more coats of wax rubbed down until it has the beautifully smooth, unpolished surface so much liked at the present time, makes the best floor finish. A very good preparation for waxing is made as follows: Melt one pound of wax slowly over hot water. When quite soft remove from fire and beat into it one pint of turpentine. If a soft finish is desired add one cupful of paraffin oil before using. When ready to apply have the wax melted and the floor free from dust. If there are any stains on the floor remove them before applying the wax. A strong solution of oxalic acid will remove black or almost any discoloration from wood, but it will also remove the staining substance, and this must be restored before waxing. When the floor is perfectly clean moisten a piece of flannel with the soft wax and rub the floor all over, using more wax as necessary. Let the wax remain on the floor for an hour or more, then polish with a stiff woolen cloth, piece of old carpet or soft leather or a weighted brush made for the purpose.

Do not use water on waxed or oiled floors unless you wish to remove all the finish and replace it with a new one. The daily care need be nothing more than sweeping with a soft hair brush, then wiping with a dust mop. Once a week all spots should be re-



AN ARTISTIC HALL.

moved with turpentine and the floor wiped with a cloth saturated with the waxing substance.

An oak stain for pine or whitewood floors may be made as follows: Two cups of boiled oil, one and one-half cups of turpentine, three tablespoonfuls of raw linseed oil, three tablespoonfuls of whiting. Mix very thoroughly. A good cherry stain is made of the same ingredients, substituting burnt sienna for the raw linseed oil and using a little less whiting. When floors have been given one or two coats of stain they may be waxed according to the directions given above.

Carpets and Rugs.

Old floors can be painted and then oiled, or they may be treated with any desired floor preparations that are on the market. The hardwood or painted floor is much preferable to any carpet, though to make the furnishing of a room complete some covering is necessary. This would better be one good sized rug or several smaller ones, depending on the size and character of the room. The color of the rugs should harmonize with the color used on the wall or in draperies, but it should be considerably stronger in tone than either or both the others.

One large rug is more satisfactory for a dining room than several small ones, and the room which has walls decorated with horizontal lines, as it may be to give the effect of lowering the ceiling, should have a single rug on the floor; otherwise such a room will have a patchy appearance. Most people have learned that for sanitary reasons the floor covering, whatever it may be, should not extend from wall to wall nor be securely tacked down, to be removed only once a year or less frequently. Yet there are some housekeepers who cling to the old fashioned carpet without realizing the dangers there may be from germs thriving in the accumulated dust. The artistic house should be beautiful also, and this will be largely accomplished when there is just a little opportunity as possible for germs to develop in it. Sunlight, fresh air and freedom from dust give the best assurance that disease germs are not hiding in our homes, while thick carpets, wool draperies and heavily curtained windows are likely breeding places for them. Nowadays these things are not considered either artistic or beautiful.

Draperies and Window Curtains. Femininity loves soft draperies much more than the average man dislikes them, so as long as woman is the presiding genius in the home she will have them at windows and doors. Certainly they do add the finishing touch to a home, the final touch without

which a room never seems quite complete, no matter how well chosen are its appointments. But a word of caution is necessary in regard to draperies both for artistic and sanitary reasons. Window curtains should not be so heavy or numerous that they shut out air and sunlight. Wool draperies and portieres should be avoided in rooms that are to be much used, because wool fabrics catch and hold dust more than any other material. For living rooms and dining room silk or linen draperies are the best when expense need not be figured too closely, but there is such a big variety of cotton fabrics displaying beauty in both design and coloring that one need not buy the more costly silks unless one prefers them.

In color portieres and draperies should harmonize with both walls and floors and should be a tone midway between the two. The long folds of the straight hanging draperies are much more beautiful than the looped and festooned arrangements which were popular a few years ago and which are still used by some professional upholsterers. Window curtains should come just to the lower edge of the casement and not to the floor or spread out a yard or two on the floor after the fashion of recent years. A single pair of window curtains made of this material, either plain or trimmed and hung in long straight lines, with side curtains to match the portieres, is the best trimming for any window from every point of view. If the window is very wide, making more than one pair of curtains necessary, there may be an overdrapery from the top as well as the sides. This should not extend down too far.

In selecting draperies keep two points firmly fixed in mind—first, don't use flowered drapery with a flowered wall and don't buy heavy, unwashable hangings for bedrooms. Such materials are entirely out of harmony with the whole idea of bedroom simplicity. For a flowered or much figured wall no curtains are prettier than plain white muslin or net made with wide bands or finished with a ruffle. For a bedroom with plain wall decoration a white curtain with a flowered inner curtain draped at the side of the window is very effective.

Furniture and Where to Put It.

One important rule to observe in buying furniture for any part of the house is that it be of good quality, built on simple lines and suitable for the service it is intended to give. The living room should have comfortable, substantial furniture—not too much of it, yet enough to meet the requirements of the family. The table should be large enough and strong enough to support the weight of the books, magazines and other articles which may be brought to it. The fruit table, which looks as if it might go to pieces if subjected to greater weight than that of a vase of flowers or a book, may be permissible in the reception room, but is entirely out of place in the living room, where the family has its several pleasures and interests. The chairs, too, in this room should be comfortable, strong and sufficiently varied in size and style to suit every one from grandfather to the little child. Furniture for the living room, especially the chairs, should not be cumbersome. There can be strength without unnecessary weight, such as is often found in the so-called "mission" furniture. The lines and general composition of this kind of furniture are good, and the popularity of the style has done much to revive simplicity in furnishing, but occasionally we find pieces that are unwieldy and awkward to move.

In the dining room the same rules should be followed; also adding to it that in this room the furniture should be limited to that required for serving and partaking of meals. A dining table, six or eight chairs, a sideboard or buffet and a serving table are really all the pieces necessary to the room, and unless there is an unusual amount of space to spare no more should be added. If possible the furniture in the dining room should be of one style and one finish. Odd pieces spoil the attractiveness of the room. It is a good idea when practicable to have the woodwork in the dining room and its furniture match. For instance, a room finished in old English oak may have old English furniture, and this, with a dull yellow or pomegranate wall decoration, is most effective in a north room. Do not crowd any room with superfluous furniture. There should be enough chairs, sufficient tables and one or more comfortable couches, but exaggerated creosoles in the way of seats, centerpieces and whatnots are not in good taste.

The bedroom furniture should be chosen with an eye to fitness and comfort rather than fashion. A plain brass or enameled iron bedstead, dressing table or bureau, small table, one or two chairs, a washstand and a couch are ample for any room the prime use of which is rest and sleep. I would include a couch—a simple homemade affair will fill every requirement—in every bedroom. It tempts one for the ten minute nap during the day which might never be thought of were there only a trim white bed in the room, and this little rest means added years to one's life.

The bed is the principal furniture in the sleeping room and should represent the largest amount of money. Have homemade dressers and tables if you must do without every luxury if need be, but have a good bed.

The Flag at Half Mast.

The custom of showing the flag at half mast originated from the way at sea of showing the pre-eminence one ship had over the other in time of warfare. The vanquished always had to lower its flag, while the victor's would be raised as high as possible in exultation. To lower a flag is an act of submission or betokens respect to a superior or is a signal of distress. The hoisting of a flag half mast high came to be used, therefore, as a sign of mourning and respect.

A Musical Opinion.

"What selection is that the orchestra has just finished?"

"I don't know. Sounded to me like neuralgia expressed in music."—London Tit-Bits.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

Josh Billings' Parting Shot to a Cheeky Drummer.

About Christmas time once the sometime famous Josh Billings, humorist, was on his way to his old home at Amesbury, Mass. On the train were three traveling men who wanted a game of whist. One of them pointed to unpretentious and unprepossessing Josh and said:

"Let's ask Hube into the game and comb some of the hayseed out of his hair."

"My venerable friend," he said as he laid his hand on the shoulder of the old man, "will you join us in a game of whist?"

"Yes; we will get there in about three hours," replied Josh, putting his hand to his ear.

"You don't seem to understand," said the young fellow in a louder tone. "We want you to take a hand."

"Yes; the stand of corn has been unusual good this year."

"My friend," the young fellow then yelled, "will you take a hand in a game?"

"Yes; I was telling Mandy this mornin' how idly an' how fat the game is this year."

"Oh, you go to the devil!" shouted the young fellow as he took his seat, while the other drummers unmercifully pestered him.

When Amesbury was reached, the old fellow got up, handed one of his Josh Billings cards to each one of the trio and then said to his interlocutor:

"Young man, while you are traveling on your cheek don't get any hayseed on your clothes or the other drummers will take you for a hube and get you into some game and skin you."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

What Bothered Her.

"Some women are very selfish," said a woman speaker at a banquet. "They remind me of the woman who visited a fortune teller."

"Lady," said the fortune teller, shuffling the cards, "fate decrees that you will visit foreign lands. You will mingle in the court life of kings and queens. Conqueror all rivals, you will marry the man of your choice, a tall, dark, handsome gent, of distinguished ancestry—in fact, a peer of the realm."

"Will he be young?"

"Yes; young and rich."

"The visitor in her excitement clutched the seer's arm."

"But how," she cried eagerly—"how am I to get rid of my present husband?"

Goaded.

Saying became a passion with the man and the woman. No privation was too great if so by it they might add to their accumulations. And they labored faithfully. The woman's sacrifice was in every respect equal to that of the man.

But when they had amassed \$10,000 the man, because he had the power, took the money and purchased with it not the automobile which he had led his faithful wife to expect, but a house.

"Brute!" she cried, and when next a mob of suffragettes came that way she joined them. Who could blame her?—Puck.

Circumstantial Evidence.

A witness in a railroad case at North Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, 'My God! Something master happen to Ole!'"

Everybody's Magazine.

George Out of Order.

"Is George Washington, the Father of his country, out of order here?" indignantly demanded representative William Sulzer of New York, in the house of representatives in Washington, one day last week.

Speaker Cannon banged on his desk with the ivory gavel about six times. "In the present company he most decidedly is," he replied with emphasis. Whereupon the House roared and Mr. Sulzer took his seat with a grin.

Only An Ocean Apart.—A Denver married woman, who had never been out of the state before, went down to New York a couple of weeks ago. This same woman, by the way, is one of those people who always brag of their ancestors and tell of what "good old aristocratic stock" they are from. The day she reached the metropolis she wrote a neighbor here a letter on the stationery of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel.

"I am so delighted to be in New York," she wrote. "Just think—only the ocean separates me from royalty."

"There is Nebuchadnezzar eating grass like an ox!" said one courtier.

"Let's hope for the best," replied the other. "Maybe he's trying to get even with the Babylonian beef trust."—Washington Star.

"So she sued him for breach of promise?" "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "I'm afraid the get-rich-quick spirit is becoming very general. People don't seem willing to wait for all-money."—Washington Star.

Caller—How pleased you must be to find that your new cook is a stayer! Hostess—My dear, don't mention it. She's a stayer, all right, but unfortunately she's not a cook.—Boston Transcript.

Tom (who takes his meals at a hotel)—"Do you like your meals served table d'hôte?" Dick (who patronizes a street waffle wagon)—"No; I generally take mine in a car."—Baltimore American.

Jess—He said my face was a poem. Jess—It is like one of Browning's. Jess—How do you mean? Jess—Some of the lines are so deep.—Cleveland Leader.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Bird Paradise in the Pacific.

To the northwest of the Hawaiian Islands, about an equal distance from the shores of Asia and America, there is a small group of islands and cliffs upon which hundreds of thousands of birds live. Every year they lay their eggs and raise their young. Among small strips of land and rocks there is what might be called a veritable bird paradise. This is the island of Laysan.

Laysan measures about five and a half miles by four miles, and possesses no vegetation save a few thickets and occasional acacia, and now and then a rocky little palm tree. Upon the banks are to be found large quantities of driftwood brought from the shores of America by the currents.

But the number of birds that come here at the season of nesting exceeds the wildest imagination. There are places on the island where it would be impossible to put the foot without crushing a bird, a nest or an egg. Apparently, to the eye, there are hundreds of thousands of birds. There are albatrosses, white and brown, petrels and frigates in innumerable colonies, but distinct.

The albatrosses of Laysan are of two kinds, the white and the brown. The latter live chiefly in the southern part of the island. They are, moreover, fewer in number than their white cousins. The two kinds differ in color, which are always distinctly separate, however. Their nests are almost identical, simple little mounds of earth with a hole in the middle. The female here lays a solitary egg. The parents provide for the nourishment of the young until the latter is able to go to the sea and hunt for himself.

The albatrosses are good neighbors themselves, but they show a decided repugnance to living in the vicinity of the frigates. These big birds, so remarkable for their swiftness in flight, are great gluttons. All those who travel in the South Seas know with what obstinacy they keep up with the speed of the vessel in hope of getting food.

The frigates are also to be found in prodigious numbers at Laysan and about the neighboring islets. The males, with their brilliantly colored plumage, are beautiful birds, and there is nothing more curious than to observe the haughty air which they assume on account of their beauty. The frigates are neither a horn swimmer nor diver. This, however, is compensated for by his extraordinary power in flight.

The petrels are very numerous in Laysan. They show a preference for the crevices of the rocks during the day. They are in fact birds of night habits and avoid the bright light. But when the tempest breaks forth and the wild waves rage they mingle their cries with the noise of the elements. The fish and other marine animals, which at such times come to the surface, are chased by the petrels and seized from the crests of the waves. The frigates, who are watching the petrels in the chase, seize this moment for capturing their abandoned young. The citrons are among the remarkable kinds of sea gulls. Citrons are noisy, squalling, quarrelsome birds, whose principal occupation is keeping up incessant cries to disturb the repose of the other occupants of the island.—Los Angeles Times.

Paid in His Own Coin.

"I've got nothing else, and you'll have to take it," said the consequential man in the tram car.

"But we ain't supposed to change bills, sovereigns," said the conductor.

"Can't help that," said the passenger. "You'll have to find change; that's all. I'm not going to get off."

A man in the corner with a big black bag beckoned to the conductor. There was a whispered confab, and a smiling conductor returned to the wealthy passenger.

"A gentleman has offered to give you change," he said.

"Ha, ha! So you had to find change after all, my fine fellow, eh? Well, here's the half sovereign."

It was five minutes before he got his change.

When the conductor brought it, it was in a double handful. "There you are, sir," he said. And, dumping down 119 pence and a penny ticket upon the cantankerous one, he left him to rasp out his expostulation.

The man with the black bag was an automatic gas meter collector.—London Tit-Bits.

Marjorie's Hundred.

Marjorie, aged nine, had not been having very satisfactory reports from school. Her father finally said, "Marjorie, for the first hundred you get I'll give you a dollar."

Time went on, and the reward could not be claimed. One day the child was taken violently ill. Her mother sent for the doctor. When he had gone, Marjorie said, "Mamma, am I very ill?"

"No, dear, your temperature is a little over a hundred; but the doctor thinks you will be all right in a day or so."

Stables broke through Marjorie's tears.

"Now, mamma, I can have my dollar. Papa said he would give it to me if I could get a hundred in anything."—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Entitled to It.

"How are things looking over to Dingledell?"

"They've been lookin' purty squeamish for a spell. 'Tis creek got a little high it overflowed Peaseley's dam, and there's two foot of water in Widder Brown's cellar."

"Well, well, I s'pose you folks over there will be so stuck up pretty soon that you'll be calling yourselves 'Parisians of America.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

That Would Help.

"So you want to become a first-class stenographer?"

"I do. Does it take long?"

"All depends. Do you know how to spell to start with?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gave Him What He Deserved.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before."

"You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

"Twenty years."

Drummer—Will you be mine? All my life I will worship you from February until April and from August until December. The rest of the time I am on the road.—Fitzgerald Blatter.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Courting Johnny.

Her little son, as the result of association with boys "over on the corner lot," had come into possession of some youthful profanity which did not meet with her approval. Ever and anon Johnny would employ a "cuss word" which shocked his mother and caused no end of embarrassment. Argument and threats failed. Finally, in desperation, she informed him the next time he cursed he would have to go away.

"Where will I go, ma?" was the innocent query.

"I don't know, but you will have to go somewhere. Any little boy who swears cannot remain with us."

Johnny pondered long and well over this, and for a few days did his best to follow the straight and narrow path of verbal expression. The reform was short-lived, however, and in a week he was cursing at every opportunity.

On the occasion of a particularly bad swear word his mother quietly took a little grip, packed it with his blouse and a hair brush, and gave it to him.

"What's this for, ma?" was the immediate query.

With determination in her voice and betraying no expression of regret, she informed him that her former decision would have to be complied with.

Johnny snuffed a little at first, and then with a lingering glance into her eyes took up his grip and departed manfully down the street. With a faint in her eye, and hoping that her extreme method of punishment would have the desired effect, the mother watched him from the window.

A half block down the street she saw him deposit his grip, seat himself on the curb. Immediately, seeking victory within her grasp, she quietly stole forth and made her way unseen toward him.

A badly faced man was approaching from the opposite direction, and, noticing the youngster on the curb, advanced toward him with a question, "You tell me where Mr. and Mrs. Baxter live, my little man?"

"You tell me where Mr. and Mrs. Baxter live, my little man?" he inquired, as the mother came close upon the two. There was a silence for a moment, and then Johnny, upholding his tear-stained face, and with resolution in his features, exclaimed vehemently, "Oh, go to blazes; I've got troubles of my own!"—St. Louis Star.

Harvard Scored.

It was the morning of the Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge, and two of the New Haven collegians were wandering through the Harvard yard, looking at the university buildings.

Down a walk toward them came a youth of serious aspect, but palpably an undergraduate.

"I beg your pardon," said the Yale man, who is a bit of a wag, to the stranger, "can you tell me where I can find Harvard university?"

"I'm very sorry," said the serious one, with never a smile. "They've locked it up. You see, there are so many Yale men in town."

Lawyer's Instinct.

A barrister noted for absence of mind was once witnessing a representation of "Macbeth," and on the witches replying to the Thane's inquiry that they were "doing a deed without a name," catching the sound of the words, he started up, exclaiming to the astonishment of the audience:

"A deed without a name? Why, it's said; it's not worth repeating."—Tit-Bits.

Sure Enough.

Mrs. Bacon—I read here that the veins on the back of the hand are every bit as useful for the identification of criminals as human prints.

Mr. Bacon (looking at his hand)—Is that a fact?

"Now, what are you looking at the back of your hand for? You're not a criminal, are you?"—Yankees Statesman.

"Does your wife give you Christmas needles?"

"Unfortunately. Half a dozen of 'em."

"Pretty hard to lose, I suppose?"

"I won't go so far as to say that. You see my wife is color blind and about half the lot isn't so bad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Junyack—"The doctor says I must sleep with my mouth shut. How can I get into the habit?" Mr. Junyack—"Try practicing it when you are awake."—Cleveland Leader.

The man who doubts the reliability of banks is also apt to believe in epics and other foolishness.

